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SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

MEASURE



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Don Quixote, Four Hundred Years Later

James E. Miller

Four hundred years ago Cervantes was born. To appropriately celebrate the Quadricentennial of this immortal novelist, we dedicate this **Measure** to his genius. We join respectfully with numerous litereary reviewers who are displaying customary tribute of encomiastic essays.

Yet, even if literary magazines abound with commemorative rhetoric, I fear that Cervantes is more often praised than read. For how relatively few of us know Miguel de Cervantes as "the joy of the muses," the glory of the splendidly glorious Spanish nation, the most matured of all humorists? How many teen-agers have met his riotous characters; how many grown-ups are familiar with **Don Quixote's** resonant overtones and resistless humor? A man is what he gives to others, and certainly we graciously consent to calling Cervantes one of the world's most abundant givers. After Shakespeare, he possesses one of the best known names in all literature.

The facts of his life are rather obscure. Born of noble parentage at Alcala de Henares in 1547, Miguel was constantly reared on hardships and setbacks. At twenty-three we find him serving as an army private. In 1571 he displayed extraordinary valor at Lepanto and received a wound, maiming him for life. Four years later he was captured by the Moors, who held him in abject slavery for five toilsome years. Ransomed by his family and friends, he endeavored to earn an honest living in government employment. But alas! a dishonest associate embezzled unsuspecting Miguel. This resulted in the latter's imprisonment, for shortage of accounts. References are made in several of his plays and letters to other arrests before 1605.

In that year, out of seeming obscurity, he offered the public **Don Quixote**. Why he did this is obvious to the careful reader. In the opening portion (I, 27) Cervantes says, "Our age

has need of cheerful entertainment." It is a work of entertainment for youth and adult alike. But he had a deeper and more profound purpose. Aubrey Bell, the greatest contemporary Cervantes scholar, tells us that it is a "clear, unclouded mirror in which the theorists, doctrinaires, Utopian and world reformers may see their image reflected." It was written to show the complete man's absurdity of externalization.

Readers and writers have said that Cervantes "smiled away the chivalry of Spain." This is not true. The lessons he taught were lessons deeply imprinted on the soul of Cervantes by bitter experiences and constant reversals in life. He decried not chivalry itself, but the misuse of chivalry, the misuse of religion, of science, of poetry, truth, justice; he exposes the fatal chasm between theory and practice, profession and action, hollow show and reality.

Too simple indeed would be the statement that the skeletal knight represents the visionary, and his obese squire, the realist. It would be criticized as "seeing only the external," the very point blasted by Cervantes' double-edged irony.

Don Quixote is exposed as one suffering from delusions of paranoia. Because he abdicated reason for fancy, he is unfit to cope with the uncompromising facts of life. The author gives the mentally sick knight a doctor in Sancho Panza, his earthy antitype, who is concerned primarily and almost exclusively with money, food, and sleep. And we find here one of the most humorous situations which runs through the entire novel. The patient seemingly leads the doctor to ruin. Although Sancho's very hedonism protects him against hallucinations, despite the fact that his ideas and ideals are never relegated to wander beyond sense behavior frontiers; although he became Quixote's squire for pecuniary reasons; although he recognizes the folly of his master and believes him mad; regardless of all this, we find Sancho Panza faithfully following his master in every encounter and undertaking.

Don Quixote sallies forth and his amadizing, romantic mind changes windmills into giants, sheep into an army of knights, a stable-smelling scullery wench into the incomparably beautiful and chaste Dulcinea. Sancho, meanwhile, gifted with a

sound but undeveloped intelligence, who sees reality with clear eyes, unbiased by whims, fancies, theories, and fashions, goes credulously skeptical along his way. He doubts everything—yet believes all. He rejects the invisible, abstract, theoretical things; he accepts what he sees with his eyes, experiences with his senses, and understands with his reason.

It is the anomaly of this idealist-sensualist relationship which constitutes the lasting humor of the novel. It is this same anomaly which constitutes its underlying pathos and deep humanity. For by humor, one of the most binging forces in literature, Cervantes wields a multiplicity of heterogeneous thoughts, events, episodes, and characters into a humorous whole. Humor finds a place in the hearts and minds of all—especially the down-trodden and poor, but hopeful peoples. For true humor is itself a power of resistance. It shuns the light-minded, the selfish, abhors the pusillanimous ways of prosperity, and seeks a happy home among the common, patient, and clear-eyed working man. True humor comes from the mature mind of him who has no illusions about the conditions of life, from him who laughs and sings because “they who sing can their sorrows from them fling.” Cervantes was qualified for this production in every respect.

Lest we imagine Cervantes to be loose in his adherence to verisimilitude when he presents the material-seeking Panza following his master in spite of the squire’s realization of his folly, let us remember this: Teresa, the wife of Sancho, is depicted as the most stable and sensible character painted upon the Quixotic canvas. Nevertheless, she too fell before the tempting gifts from the duchess. She refused to believe her pot-bellied husband would ever be governor of an island. Yet she danced with delight when she received his dictated letter telling her this was true. Yes, the immortal artist here paints pictures of human character which is and has been true of all men.

For Cervantes was indeed a shrewd philosopher and understanding psychologist. He was a Catholic humanist. His idea of a gentleman vied with Newman’s: “one who never inflicts pain” and is merciful toward the absurd. He always demanded justice tempered with mercy, and thought men should learn

from animals to cultivate peace and friendliness. (II, 12). He displays pity for the old, maimed soldiers, infirm slaves, servants of both sexes, and peasants (II,24). Cervantes warns Sancho through Don Quixote never to speak ill of the mother of his children.

Innumerable examples can be cited showing the beneficial influences of virtue and the hatred of vice Cervantes wished to inculcate. "O envy, root of all countless evils, and canker-worm of the virtues! All the vices, Sancho, bring some kind of pleasure with them; but envy brings nothing but irritations, bitterness and rage." (II, 51) "My meaning is, Sancho, that the desire of acquiring fame is a very powerful influence. What was it that flung Horatius in full armor down from the bridge into the depths of the Tiber? What burned the arm and hand of Mutius? . . . What, in opposition to all the omens that declared against him, made Julius Caesar cross the Rubicon? . . . All these and a variety of other great exploits are, were, and will be the work of fame that mortals desire as a reward and a portion of the immortality their famous deeds deserve; though we Catholic Christians and knighterrant look more to that future glory that is everlasting, in the ethereal regions of heaven, than to the vanity of the fame that is to be acquired in this present transitory life, which has its own appointed end." (II, 52).

Likewise, we should enjoy his treatise on poetry. He calls poetry a tender maiden of supreme beauty, who is bedecked, adorned and arrayed by several serving maidens, the rest of the sciences. He warns that she must be delicately handled, permitted not to break into ribald satires and soulless sonnets. He who would embrace this lovely maiden and cultivate her friendship shall be made famous thereby. Cervantes further adds that art never surpasses nature, but brings the latter to perfection.

In one of his solemn speeches to Sancho alone, the Don tells us that preaching and teaching are best accomplished by deeds. Cervantes was firmly convinced of this. Very evident is the case where he chides the artist for publishing sardonic, biting criticism. He rejects all jests that entail contempt for others. And he practices what he preaches by carefully curbing

his own satire. When he satirizes the doctors and friars and ministers of justice—and he aptly displays their inmost faults—he modifies his satire by declaring they are skillful doctors, self-sacrificing friars, and good, honest ministers of justice. For Cervantes, charity began at home—but it did not end there.

As we celebrate this fourth centenary of Cervantes' birth, we should also imbibe some of the practical information he has so abundantly set before us in **Don Quixote**. One dare not protest that this novel is too verbose. True, it is one of our longest classics, but this tendency towards copiousness was not due to prolixity but to an inexhaustible wealth of matter and a tremendous capacity for invention. Especially is the second part of **Don Quixote** brimming over with treatises on gossipers, sleep, knowledge and riches and heaven and hell, and an extremely apropos discourse on courtship and marriage which is just as apt today as four centuries ago.

In a real sense, we can say that Cervantes possessed a certain ingenuousness of genius which made him a particular prey to misfortune throughout his life. His immortal work is suffering from the same condition. Far too many of us possess that same ingenuousness which presumes that genuine merit and consistency of character will suffer to make this work popular without advertisement. It is not so. Today we are too intolerant of bowdlerization to welcome this masterpiece into our lives without a challenge. Too many people are feeding their minds on digests and abstracts. As a result, these same minds are dying from starvation.

During this gala quadricentennial feast and celebration of Cervantes' birthday, then, we might well dine on his common sense. We should bask in the warm sunshine of his true, solid, laugh-provoking humor; we should drink a toast of health to his ever-growing success. Not only in the seventeenth century, but also in our own; not only in our own, but forever does his light shine brighter and brighter. Cervantes was born four hundred years ago; Don Quixote lives and rides four hundred years later. . . .

My Boy, Charlie...A Short Story

John F. Rice

Windy Weathers ran up the front steps of the Delta Psi Kappa house nearly bowling over two frat brothers as they were leaving, and bounded up the stairs, two at a time. This display of energy was quite extraordinary for him, but particularly since he had just finished a grueling session of football scrimmage. At the head of the stairs he stopped momentarily from force of habit to briefly scan the phone call sheet. "None today," he said to himself, and dashed to his room. Without a bit of wasted motion, he threw open the door, slammed it shut with an expert kick of his foot, flicked his hat onto the wall hook, and heaved his books on his desk. He grabbed the copy of the **Daily Collegian**, the reason for this haste, from his desk and hurriedly thumbed the pages.

The look of anxiety on his face changed, first to one of amazement and then to chagrin. "It's true! They've done it again." With that he dropped into the easy chair and stared blankly at the tabloid on his lap.

"What's the trouble now? You came in here as if a recruiting sergeant was after you." For the first time Windy became aware that he wasn't alone in the pennant-draped room. Sitting at his desk with a psychology book open on it, was his roommate Charlie Meyers. A can of tobacco was setting on the desk. "My imported pipe mixture!" Windy winced inwardly.

Charlie's horn-rimmed glasses caught the light of the afternoon sun slanting in through the window and reflected it like two little round mirrors. Windy noted that he looked more owlsh than usual. He blinked his eyes and came over and sat in Windy's desk chair. "What's the story?"

Windy looked up at the more intellectual member of the Weathers-Meyers combination. "It's that darn publicity contest we got into against Delta Psi."

Charlie took a thoughtful puff on his pipe and nodded his head understandingly. "Uh-huh, so why should that agitate

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you. I didn't know you took such an avid interest in the affairs of Delta Psi. After all, the whole scheme is just to attract attention to the frat for the coming rush week." He blew a cloud of smoke and watched it curl and wind up to the ceiling.

"Well, I have a good reason for being interested. Fifty dollars worth of interest to be exact.

"Elucidate," commanded Charlie, still looking at the smoke on the ceiling.

"Huh?"

"Give out with some details."

"I wish you wouldn't use those big words. Anyway, you know Pete Vincella and Marty Stepancic of Theta Mu, don't you? Pete is on the team. Guard. Well, last week we were over at the Barn and I started ragging them about their frat. Said that nobody knew who they were on the campus and that they didn't have a chance during rush week. To make a gruesome story less so, the thing ended up in a bet. I bet them twenty-five bucks that any Delta Psi man, I in particular, could get more publicity than they could get together. That was a week ago."

"That would justify the sudden concern over the paper. I must say, I couldn't believe you had gone literary. How's your campaign coming along?"

"Terrible, or even worse. All I've been able to do is to be elected vice-president of the Commerce Club and get mentioned a couple of times for being on the football team. It only adds up to about eighteen lines in the paper. That's how we are counting. The deadline is this coming Saturday and here it is, Wednesday already. Look what these two phonies just pulled," he said, pointing to a column and handing it to Charlie.

Charlie readjusted his glasses and read, "A campus tragedy was narrowly averted yesterday afternoon in the swimming pool of the Smith Memorial Gymnasium. A student, Marty Stepancic, of Theta Mu, fell into the pool accidentally while dressed in his street clothes. Marty didn't know how to swim, but quick thinking and heroic action by a near-by swimmer,

Pete Vincella . . . ' say, what a coincidence that it would be those two," Charlie declared.

"Coincidence, my eye!" Windy snapped, coming out of his lethargy. "The whole affair was a put-up job by those two counterfeits. 'Unable to swim', baloney! During the summer he's a life guard at the beach." He got up and paced over to the window and looked out on the autumn scene below.

"Well, if you are concerned at all about your wager with them, I'd advise you to do something."

Windy did an about-face that would have been to the credit of any Prussian Junker. "Am I concerned about my fifty rocks! No, no," he choked. "It will only mean almost all my check next month. No, I'm not concerned. Thanks for all the advice." He turned back to the window.

"You should fight fire with fire, as they say. Perhaps you could arrange some publicity as they did," suggested Charlie helpfully.

"What do you want me to do? Eat cigarette butts and drink ink, as they did, Monday, to get into the limelight. Much as I admire the almighty dollar I can't appreciate the nutritive effects of cigarette butts. Besides, how could one little story make up for all that I'm behind. It's hopeless against those bums. They have been pulling stunts like that all week," wailed Windy. He left the window and sat in the chair and stared blankly at the "No Parking" sign tacked on the wall. The ever-deepening shadows in the disordered room seemed to increase his despondency. "And I wish you wouldn't use all my tobacco. That stuff's expensive." Another gloomy pause.

The two were silent, each engrossed in the problem at hand. A gust of wind swayed the window drapes and the psychology book flapped a few of its pages.

"If we could write our own stories they could be as long as we wanted them to be," came from Charlie, thinking aloud. "Now, how? That's the question. Couldn't get on the staff now, it's too late for that. You just can't buy a whole college newspaper. Buy—! That's it! I've got it, Windy!" he exclaimed. "We'll buy an advertisement in the paper and make

it look like a genuine news story. We could have a picture of you along with it."

"Yeh," drawled Windy. The spark of the idea burst into flame. "Sure, sure, that's it!" he whooped. "That'll fix them."

While Windy envisioned the fifty dollars rolling into his pocket, Charlie thought out the ways and means of the scheme. "Let's see, we would have to get you voted something. Someone is always being voted something, or given some honor that doesn't mean a thing." He massaged his chin slowly, knitted his brows and riveted his eyes on Windy's grayish blue and yellow checked sport-coat hanging in the locker. Charlie, whose taste in attire was a little more conservative as to design and color, gave a little shudder. "That will do. It would attract attention anywhere. Windy," he announced, "you have just been elected one of the ten best-dressed college students in the United States."

"Yeh?"

"Yes. Now get cleaned up, shave and put on that sport coat that's in your locker. I'll write the story. If we hurry we can get it in tomorrow's issue. Have Brownie, next door, get a formal picture of you. Tell him to rush developing it. Now move!"

With that, Windy grabbed soap, towel and shaving equipment and dashed out of the room with a handful of gear and a heart full of hope. Charlie inserted a fresh sheet of paper in the typewriter and began pecking out the copy.

* * *

The following afternoon as soon as football practice was over, Windy raced across the campus, his trench coat flying out behind him. "That's him," said one co-ed admiringly to a group, as they gazed in amazement and awe at the figure scurrying down the walk. Windy took the front steps of the frat house in one bound and the inside stairs in five. The hall phone didn't even get a glance this time.

He burst into his room and dived at the paper lying on the desk. There it was! A three column spread with the caption, "Windy Weathers Picked by Tailors". Below this was the

sub-head, "Midwest U. Student Chosen as One of Nation's 10 Best-Dressed College Men by American Tailors Association." Under this was the story and the picture of him. His good features were advantageously displayed and set off by a tie with a large Windsor knot and the distinctive checks of the sport coat. "Not bad," he admitted to himself. "The whole thing looks like the real article. It was worth the fifteen bucks. That'll fix Theta Mu's boat."

As he was mentally patting himself on the back, Charlie, accompanied by the head of Delta Psi, Frank Potter, came in. "Congratulations, old man," boomed Frank, pumping his hand effusively. "You really have put us on the map. I always have admired your taste in clothes. Yes, sir, the frat is going to expect great things from you, Windy. The whole campus is jumping about this. You really set them on their ear. Got to buzz off. Congrats again."

The door closed behind him. Windy grabbed little Charlie and swung him around the room. "I'm in! I'm a gun among guns!"

Charlie shook himself loose. "Not so much noise," he warned. "If they hear you, your goose is cooked."

His admonition was punctuated by a knock at the door. Both boys froze for a moment. Windy shrugged his shoulders and relaxed. "Probably some more congratulations. Come in."

The door opened to disclose the two visitors. One was tall, light-complexioned, his blond hair dropped short in a crew hair-cut. The other was a few inches shorter, built like a barrel. His dark hair was crowned with a mass of kinky black curls.

"Well, well," greeted Windy, "if it isn't the boys from Theta Mu. Come in Marty, Pete. No doubt you have read the **Collegian** today. Ready to throw in the towel," he purred.

"Don't give us any of that stuff," said the dark one. "You are the one that had better get that towel ready."

Windy's smile disappeared for a moment. His eyes went from Marty to Pete. His mouth broke into a grin again but this time it was a little faded.

"When Marty and I read this," Pete indicated the story

with a wave of his hand, "we smelled a rat in the woodpile right away. Something like that happening to you when it did was just too lucky. Anyway, we weren't taking any chances with our money, so we checked up on it."

Windy's mouth opened, nothing came out. He eyed the pair suspiciously.

"So we checked the Better Business Bureau," continued the other. "They said that there wasn't any American Tailors Association. Then we went to the newspaper office. You placed that story there and paid for it yourself. The whole thing was a fake. That doesn't count for the bet, so you had better get on your horse before Saturday. Now who's going to throw in the towel?" asked Pete.

Yeh," echoed Marty.

"Well, ah... but, ah..." The door clicked shut. Stunned by the sudden turn of events, Windy stared dazedly at the closed door. "Fifteen bucks more down the drain, making total expenditures for this party a nice sixty-five smackaroos. My whole check for next month shot. What a wheel idea that was!"

Charlie, who had been meditating quietly throughout this soliloquy, suddenly snapped his fingers and rushed out of the room.

"You had better run! No more of those brainstorm, bright boy. Not with my dough." Windy shouted after him. "And lay off my tobacco!" he added as an afterthought. With that he slumped into a chair and meditated his fingertips. "That'll teach me to keep my big mouth shut. They don't call me Windy for nothing."

* * *

Windy trod up the stairs slowly. The grandfather clock downstairs in the reception room chimed five. The season's first game was the next afternoon, so the squad had only a light practice. Even so, Windy felt tired. "No calls again today. What am I, poison?" he thought darkly.

In his room he flopped on the bed and closed his eyes. Dollar signs danced in front of his mind's eye, took wings

and disappeared. "Yes, sir, my boy Charlie fixed things up fine."

The next thing he knew, someone was shaking his shoulder. "Wake up, Windy, old boy, old sock!!"

"Wha....., what's up?" He sat up and looked around. The room was filled with members of the fraternity. Frank Potter clapped him on the shoulder again. "Yes, sir, you really saved the day for old Delta Psi. It's in all the papers. Oh, boy, is Theta Mu going to be burned up!" The others gave hearty assent to this.

Windy stood up. "Now, just what," he demanded, "is going on? What have I done now?"

Frank shook a newspaper in his face. "Haven't you seen today's **Tribune**? It tells all about you and that fake story in the **Collegian**. The publicity contest ends tonight and this sews it up for us. We've got you to thank for it, too."

Windy grabbed the paper. "Let me see that."

"There on the bottom of the front page," Frank pointed out.

"Midwest University student perpetrator of hoax," the caption read. Beneath it was a by-line, "by George Meyers."

Windy looked up. "Meyers, George Meyers," he thought. For the first time, he noticed Charlie standing at the back of the group. "Charlie, what do you know about this? Who's this George Meyers and how did he get ahold of this?"

The noise died out and everyone turned to look at Charlie. "Well, ah.....," he flushed, "Well, ah, he's my uncle. I told him about it. I fouled up on that fake story scheme, so I wanted to fix things up. He works for a national news service so I called him and told him about it. He said it was good story material and wrote it up. His news service wires stories all over the country. I thought that would be enough publicity to put you ahead." He looked up at Windy. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Do I mind?! Charlie, I could hug you! Boys, it looks like all the credit goes to Charlie. What do you say?", said Windy.

Several of the mob hoisted Charlie up on their shoulders, while the rest chorused, "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

"And, Charlie," Windy shouted above the clamor, "You can have that tobacco. I have to lay off smoking, anyway."

Bigotry and the Church in the United States

Joseph W. Grace

The progress of the Catholic Church throughout the Christian era against many forms of oppression seems to verify the assertion that the Church flourishes under persecution. This appears no less true here in our own country, for the Church has had to contend with certain outbursts of bigotry in the United States from the very inception of its activities in this region.

In this discussion an effort is made to set down the principal trends of bigotry in the United States, together with the major reactions on the Church and its members, from the period following the Revolution down to the rise of Klanism at the beginning of this century. Altogether this consists of three movements: Nativism, Know-Nothingism and the American Protective Association. In several respects they are similar; especially in their object, in the means used, and in their political affiliations; in fact, all of these seem to have been outgrowth of Nativism.

It is held that Catholics came out of the Revolution not only with political but also religious independence. In the Constitution twice was religious toleration mentioned: Article VI removed any religious test as a qualification for office, and the Bill of Rights guaranteed religious freedom. Even with these precautions, certain forms of prejudice arose. Perhaps it is better to say that such tendencies actually never were eradicated. Such a transition in attitude could hardly be expected, even through a war for independence, for in great part these inclination toward intolerance were deep-rooted, having been brought over from the old countries and nourished in the colonial days.

So we find Nativist activities shortly after the close of the war. Catholics first met opposition in the Federalist Party.

Those Tories who remained in the United States following the War attached themselves to that party. They showed themselves hostile to foreigners and supported the ascendancy of Protestantism in this country. They were instrumental in the passage of laws regulating immigration. During the administration of John Adams, the Alien Law was passed with the authority to expel any alien considered detrimental to the young nation. Also, the Naturalization Act of 1798, requiring residence of fourteen years for a foreign-born person to become a citizen, was passed. These laws were especially directed against Catholic immigrants with the arrival of French, German and particularly Irish Catholics immediately after the founding of this nation. In Philadelphia occurred the Alien Riot or Federal Riot in denunciation of these acts, wherein a group of Federalists attacked certain petitioners who endeavored to have the laws repealed.¹ With the nomination of Thomas Jefferson, the Federalist Party ceased to be a political power.

Sprinkled throughout these years were various demonstrations of bigotry, sometimes of violence. In 1806, a group of native-born Americans assembled outside St. Peter's Church in New York to break up midnight services on Christmas Eve. Having been driven off, the next day a larger group attacked the homes of Irish members. Several persons were injured and one was killed.²

There was also considerable false propaganda, both spoken and written. The Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, was noted for his sermons against the Church. In 1833 a Miss Rebecca Reed left the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Massachusetts, where she had been a postulant, and began a smear campaign with a book called **Six months' Residence in the Convent.**³ **The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk**, an account of convent life allegedly attributed to this 'one-time inmate' of such an institution, is another hoax which well enriched its author and aided the

1. Michael Williams, *The Shadow of the Pope*, p. 54.

2. *Ibid*, p. 57.

3. Gustavus Myers, *History of Bigotry in the United States*, p. 147.

cause of the nativists at least until both works were exposed as frauds.⁴

Such reports as these helped to incite the burning of the Ursuline Convent. In 1834 Sister Mary John (Elizabeth Harrison), an instructor at the school, left the convent one day and retired to the home of friends. Bishop Fenwick of Boston visited her and found her departure to have been caused by exhaustion from overwork, whereupon she freely returned and was restored to health. However, rumors circulated throughout Charlestown which necessitated having a group of citizens make an inspection of the convent in an effort to suppress further action. Nonetheless, on the night of August 11, 1834, a group of young persons bent on the use of mob tactics converged on the dwelling and set fire to it, after dispersing occupants and ransacking the premises.⁵

There is also an interesting account involving our inventor of the telegraph—Samuel F. B. Morse. He seems to have given much more of his attention to the condemnation of Catholicism than to his contribution to science. The fact that his hat was rather abruptly removed from his head while witnessing services at the Vatican doubtlessly aggravated his indignation for the Church. Upon learning of the Leopold Foundation in Vienna for the purpose of aiding the missions in the U. S., he arrived at the conclusion that its intention was to obtain control of our government in behalf of the Church. This was to be done through the Jesuits, whereby they would direct immigrants in the use of the ballot.⁶ With this in mind, Morse went on to attack Catholics.

In 1835 the natives founded the Native American Party. It carried on extensive activities to prevent Catholic immigrants from coming to this country and holding office.

At the national convention of 1845 some of their declarations were as follows:

. . .for the last twenty years, the road to civil preferment and participation in the legislative and executive govern-

4. Myers, *op. cit.*, p. 155.

5. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

6. Myers, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

ment of the land, has been laid broadly open, alike to the ignorant, the vicious and the criminal . . . worst and most degraded of the European population. . .⁷

Though the Catholic Church was not specifically mentioned in this address, it was unmistakably referred to as—"a body, armed with political power, in a country of whose system it is ignorant, and of whose institutions it feels little interest, except for the purpose of personal advancement."⁸ It was charged with having:

1. Formed and encouraged associations under foreign names.

2. Introduced foreign emblems in civic processions, causing riot and murder.

3. Armed and equipped militia companies wearing costumes and insignia of foreign description, with words of command given in a foreign tongue.

4. Taken part in elections as a separate political organization avowedly made up of foreigners.

5. Encouraged political combinations for the purpose of effecting sectarian measures.⁹

Many times the nativists would make an issue of some controversy by twisting or construing Catholic principles in such a way as to be entirely misleading. When Bishop John Hughes of New York petitioned the Board of Aldermen for the appropriation of public funds for Catholic schools and when he protested against the use of certain books prejudicial to the Church in the public schools, Catholics were accused of plotting to undermine the public school system.

There was a similar accusation when Bishop Kenrick of Philadelphia sent a letter to the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools on the use of the Bible in public schools by Catholic children. His complaint was construed to mean banning of the Bible altogether. The Bishop answered them on March 12, 1844, with this pronouncement:

Catholics have not asked that the Bible be excluded from

7. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 77.

8. *Loc. cit.*

9. *Loc. cit.*

the public school. They have merely desired for their children the liberty of using the Catholic version, in case the reading of the Bible be prescribed by the controllers or directors of the schools. They only desire to enjoy the benefit of the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, which guarantees the rights of conscience, and precludes any preference of sectarian modes of worship. They ask that the school laws be faithfully executed and that the religious predilections of the parents be respected. . . They desire that the public schools be preserved from all sectarian influence, and that education be conducted in a way that may enable all citizens equally to share in its benefits, without any violence being offered to their religious conviction.¹⁰

The bishop further stated he expressed the views of the Catholic community, but that the holding of public meetings had been avoided, "lest Catholics should share in any degree the responsibility of the public excitement, which has been caused most unnecessarily on this subject."¹¹

But the Native American Party went to work on the Bible issue. In the 'City of Brotherly Love' violence broke out. Churches and sisters' homes were burned; attacks were made on the Irish settlement. Such an outbreak of lawlessness prompted Bishop Kenrick to close the Churches: "In the critical circumstances in which you are placed, I feel it my duty to suspend the exercises of public worship in the Catholic Churches which will remain until it can be resumed with safety, and we can enjoy our constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience."¹²

Returning to Bishop Hughes who became alarmed over the events in Philadelphia. The Native American Party elected for mayor of New York one of the publisher's of Maria Monk's works, who was shortly to assume office. The Party in a meeting called for a program of arson and murder against the

10. John Gilmary Shea, *A History of the Catholic Church (1843-1866)*, p. 47.

11. *Loc. cit.*, p. 47.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 52, issued May 10, 1844.

Church and its members. When Bishop Hughes was informed that the laws of New York did not provide compensation for damage done by rioters since "the law intends that citizens shall defend their own property", he had this statement promulgated:

If, as it has already appeared in Philadelphia, it should be a part of Native Americanisms to attack their homes or churches, then it behooves them in case all other protection fail, to defend both with their lives. In this they will not be acting against the law, but for the law—But in no case let them suffer an act of outrage on their property without repelling the aggression at all hazards.¹³

The meeting was called off by the nativists, the outgoing mayor gave protection against riots, and New York, with a large Irish society, was spared destruction.

The Native American Party gradually passed into the Know-Nothing Party. It was formed in New York City in 1852. Because its members refused to divulge information by simply answering that they knew nothing, they were popularly called Know-Nothings.

In the words of its constitution, the purpose of the organization was "to protect every American citizen in the legal and proper exercise of his civil and religious rights and privileges; to resist the insidious policy of the Church of Rome and all other foreign influence against our republican institutions in all lawful ways; to place in all offices of honor, trust or profit in the gift of the people or by appointment none but Native American Protestant citizens."¹⁴ Qualifications for membership stated that "a member must be a native-born citizen, a Protestant, either born of Protestant parents or reared under Protestant influence, and not united in marriage with a Roman Catholic. . ."¹⁵

Recourse to violence was also a policy of the Know-Nothings. When Archbishop Bedini passed through this country

13. Shea, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

14. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 80.

15. *Loc. cit.*, p. 80.

before taking up his new post as apostolic nuncio to Brazil, he was met with much criticism and even threats. The agitator of these disturbances was one Alessandro Gavazzi, an Italian held to be an apostate priest. He abetted the cause of Know-Nothingism by delivering derogatory speeches in various cities against "priests, princes, and popery". He followed up the Archbishop in the places which he visited and aroused much prejudice toward the prelate. Wherever he appeared, it was a signal for the gathering of a mob. In Cincinnati on Christmas Day, 1853, a mob of 600 marched upon the Bishop's residence where the Archbishop was staying. This dignitary of the Church barely escaped being hanged.

The Know-Nothings became quite prominent in politics. They instigated election-day riots in St. Louis and Louisville, in an effort to keep Catholics away from the polls. But in 1856, when their candidate—Millard Fillmore—was defeated by James Buchanan, the party began to disintegrate. The approaching war tended to undermine the efforts of the bigots.

We now come to the last group; namely, the American Protective Association or the A. P. A. "If the chief cause of the Know-Nothing agitation was jealousy of the growing power and religious strength of the Catholic immigrant, the A. P. A. movement may be traced to the increase in social and industrial strength of the Catholic American citizen."¹⁶ The immediate causes for the rise of this new movement were specific circumstances present around 1890:

1. Loosening of party ties and political unrest.
2. Industrial panic and depression.
3. Special Catholic celebrations throughout the country, and the visit to the United States of Monsignor Satolli, the papal delegate.¹⁷

When Monsignor Satolli came to the United States in 1893 as the apostolic delegate and began making speeches in principal cities on the parochial school system and other questions, it brought forth this observation from the founder of the A. P. A.:¹⁸

16. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 97.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 98.

18. Founded March 13, 1887, in Clinton, Iowa, by Henry F. Bowers.

"We looked upon Satolli as a representative of the Propaganda at Rome to direct and influence legislature in this country, more especially his settling down in the city of Washington, and several moves which were made, which I cannot just now call to mind, which gave rise to an opinion at least that he was interfering with the public institutions of this country."¹⁹

Unlike the Know-Nothings, the A. P. A. was in no way opposed to persons of foreign birth. It did engage in politics, but with McKinley's victory in 1896, the A. P. A. began to fade, although it did not die formally till the death of its president in 1911.

At this time there was already a new super-agitator on its way. The activities of the Ku Klux Klan are more familiar to us. This organization functioned mostly on propaganda with profiteering as one of its chief aims. During the twenties it ran wild over the country enriching itself and emptying the pockets of its many gullible members.

Still the Catholic Church has survived these oppressions, and the Church is perhaps stronger and better situated in the U. S. for performing her mission than in any other country. All of which seems to substantiate the contention that the Church thrives on persecution.

Having reviewed the main trends of bigotry in this country, it might be well to try to analyse Anti-Catholic prejudice here. Are we able to refute the charges against Catholicism and prove it to be compatible with Americanism?

Anti-Catholic prejudice in the United States has primarily revolved around three fears: fear of foreign domination, fear of tendencies to disunion, and fear of a possible rival to patriotism.²⁰ "It is believed that the Church endangers independence by recognition of a European Pope, freedom by blind submission to ecclesiastical tyranny, and unity by the encouragement of racial divisions."²¹ Seldom do the issues involve strictly religious matters.

19. Williams, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

20. Frederick Joseph Kinsman, *Americanism and Catholicism*, p. 112.

21. *Loc. cit.*, p. 112.

To such charges there might on the surface seem to be justification because of the Roman Pontiff, the tendencies of Catholics to segregate along certain lines of nationality, the parochial school system, and the entanglement of Catholics and political corruption.

That Catholics should prove to be poor citizens is in no wise due to their religion, for Catholicism fosters and promotes loyalty, obedience, service and all the factors which contribute to good citizenship.

If the Catholic schools offer equal opportunities as the public school in all subjects in addition to religion, then it seems that on an academic basis there is no reason to object to the parochial schools. That public schools alone foster Americanism in that children of all nationalities and creeds and social positions meet on the same plain and intermingle is not too accurate, though attendance at other schools might seem un-American. Catholic segregation in schools or in localities is by no means limited to one nationality or class of persons, and there is nothing in the school program to deter from good citizenship; instead, the principles of citizenship and patriotism are inculcated in the best possible way by emphasis on the laws of God.²²

The most common objection of all is that Catholics have a foreign allegiance in the person of the Pope. Whereas the question is one of spiritual allegiance, it is instead made a political issue. There are few who would not admit that the best citizens are those whose allegiance to God takes precedence over every other. In this regard do Catholics look to the Pope for guidance and interpretation of matters spiritual, and not of strictly secular affairs. "Yet, it may well be said that as interpreters of faith and morals, the Popes must indirectly affect the political conduct of their subjects," since religious principles must not be dismissed in social and political relations.²³

Perhaps an inclination to be biased is implanted in man's nature, for we all have certain likes and dislikes, and such

22. Kinsman, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

23. *Ibid.*, p. 145.

a condition can easily be augmented by ignorance. But even so, the support of the Church and Catholics in every national crisis which this nation has incurred should be a convincing answer to anyone of the compatibility between Americanism and Catholicism.

A CHILD'S PLEA

Celestial maiden, wholly pure,
Draw near to us and lend us your
Protective hand, that we may stand
Untainted at His door.

Please, Mother, keep us in thy care,
Help us win our unworthy share
Of priceless gold within His fold,
And see Thee, Ever Fair.

—James E. Miller

For You, Doctor...A Short Story

Frank N. Crawford

Soft whiteness was sharply contrasted as slender fingers moved slowly through black curls. Only an occasional crackle of burning logs interrupted the quiet. Brief fragments of conversation had long since ceased, and the thoughts of the young man slouching near the end of the couch were unquestionably dominated by the girl whose head rested on his lap.

Such domination was not an accident either, for had not Marie designed this black negligee especially for her? And did it not produce effects which only the daring French are capable of producing? It always thrilled Marie to devote her talents to this young lady, for she was the most beautiful of her numberless clientele. Her face, delicately moulded with texture as fine as velvet, was enhanced by radiant blue eyes and tantalizing lips. When teasing, her eyes sparkled and lips parted slightly in a shy smile seducing all; when pouting, blue mist and puckered mouth immediately moved the provoker to repentance.

If Marie could see her now, that vivid French imagination would be satisfied. With head tilted slightly, long golden hair was brushed out over rust-colored cushions. The black net of the negligee had fallen aside and smooth legs reflected the glow of the fireplace. Closing her eyes and fingering her husband's short curls, she was dreamingly enjoying possession of this man when the telephone rudely broke the stillness.

"It's for you, Doctor," the maid announced from the hall.

With a muffled curse the man rose carefully, lest he unduly disturb his wife.

"I must make a call, darling," he disclosed upon reentering the room. Removing his dressing gown, he slipped into the suit coat the maid held ready.

"Oh, tell them to give the brat some Castoria and put him to bed." His wife had little patience with parents who insisted on calling the doctor every time their little darling

hiccupped. She shuddered now to think that she had once considered having a baby. Recklessly losing sight of her objectives during early marriage, she briefly considered the compliments and favors that would be won by such an adventure. Later, realizing the risk to her alluring figure, she removed the thought from her mind. Now, even though she could demand servants as required, she knew that a child would place certain impositions on her, and those she was certainly not willing to undertake.

"This is much more serious than a baby case and I must go, although I hate to. And don't you dare move until I get back," he gently ordered, stooping to kiss her.

Driving along familiar streets, the doctor was clearly annoyed at being disturbed at that hour. Contemplating his success, he had every reason to be pleased with himself. During college days, he was the most popular student on the campus, football hero, leader of several social organizations, and president of his class the final year. Although his scholastic marks weren't quite so laudable, accomplishments in other fields, coupled with handsomeness and personality, gained for him all he desired.

Many acquaintances were startled when he announced his intentions to study medicine at the university, and pointed out the diligence required. He countered, however, that hardships can be hurdled when the will is purposeful and craving fulfillment. He never revealed that he was not urged by the charitable desire to serve his fellow men, but instead, by satisfaction of egotistical hunger. Realizing that the hero's pedestal would crumble soon after completion of college, he determined to elevate himself to a position in society that would command lasting respect.

Marrying the most beautiful girl he had ever known, he settled in his native community where the services of a physician were urgently required. Hence, he was praised for foregoing metropolitan conveniences and pleasures to serve where most needed. Who would dare think this selection was made that he might have no competition, and although his orbit would be limited, his satellites might reflect nothing but his own lustre?

Stopping before a familiar house, he entered after a light tap on the door. He was met in the living room by the Methodist minister, who apparently had been summoned to bring solace during these trying hours. Indeed, his religion equipped him with nothing for periods of crisis, except well-phrased words of comfort for those suffering.

After exchanging brief salutations, the doctor was ushered into a bedroom. There he saw a young girl lying on a bed and covered with an old quilt. The fall down the basement steps, which had been described over the telephone, had apparently inflicted serious injuries, for the girl was unconscious. There was no indication of pain, however, but instead she appeared to be sleeping. Slightly thin but lovely in her own right, her pale face was in keeping with the surroundings, simple but wholesome, alive but unexciting, warm but impassionate, nourished by a large heart with meager thirsts.

Confronted with this case, the doctor was appalled. After these many months, he suddenly realized that he was not qualified to practice his profession. He realized that passing state examinations are not the final tests for a physician. In a brief instant of time, he realized that he had studied for himself, that pride suppressed benevolence; therefore, he could not extend charity to others, minister to bodies, preserve the temples of souls.

"Well, Doctor," invited the woman at the foot of the bed. He had not particularly noticed her before, although aware of her presence.

"I'm afraid she must be taken to the hospital at Colfax," he said, still not looking up.

"But you haven't even examined her."

"No. It's quite apparent that she requires hospital treatment and there's nothing I can do here." Fortunately, he was able to retain his composure, although every faculty rebelled at the thought of probing her wounds.

"But it's absurd to move her when you don't know what's wrong."

"I assure you it's quite the proper thing to do in this case. Would you like me to call the ambulance and make the

necessary arrangements?" he asked, eagerly withdrawing from the room.

"No. If that's the most you can do, don't do anything. I always wondered just what kind of doctor you were, and I'm glad I finally found out. My daughter may die because of you, but that wouldn't bother you because it wouldn't hinder you in your selfish life. Although you have a title, you're not a doctor because you don't have the necessary charity or mercy in your heart. You can do only what will benefit you, and you'll live a miserable life because you'll live in yourself and there's no good in you." She spoke slowly and softly, but with firmness. That same strength that bears women through the pains of bringing new life into the world; that same strength that sustains women while those they love are absent in war, now enabled this plain but courageous woman to assail the person responsible for the life, or death, of her daughter.

Grief and despair had autographed her features, but with dry eyes she continued: "I know you better than you know yourself; I remember how you returned the favors of your parents with contempt because they were poor; I remember how you abandoned your parents when they needed you most, because there were some important games coming. You've had your fling in college, with no good resulting; you've played your big games, with nothing but stale newspaper clippings rewarding; now you've entered a noble profession—and disgraced it." Pausing slightly, she concluded, "I wish I had never known you."

The doctor was neither able to escape this attack nor defend himself. He knew that it was made by a person of will and character stronger than his own. Now that it was ended, his eyes wandered and fell upon a picture of the woman's deceased husband. The eyes coolly staring at him from the top of the old piano seemed to affirm the accusations.

Unrestrained weeping reached the doctor returning to his car.

Hearing the sounds of a car being driven into the garage, an empty cocktail glass was placed on the coffee table. Rising slowly, smoothing her gown, and brushing back her long hair,

the girl waited in the center of the room. When a tall, handsome, well groomed man entered, she rested her arms on his shoulders. Fondling the hair on the back of his neck, she coyly asked, "Has my darling brought relief to the suffering?"

"As best possible," he evaded.

"Let me fix a drink for you; you look tired. Who was sick this time, Mrs. Tinkovicz's little Tinker?" she inquired, fishing for ice cubes in the cut glass container.

"Not this time. My kid sister fell down stairs," he answered, wearily getting a cigarette from the tooled sterling case on the coffee table.

ELEVATIS OCULIS

Your eyes sparkle
With holy vitality,
Intense, burning,
Aware of reality,
Reflecting the gold of a chalice,
The lily-like radiance of bread,
A pity for those who love malice
When they could have Love in its stead.

—James E. Froelich

Philosophy: Its Definition and its Relation to the Other Sciences

Bernard K. Whaley

For the most part, the following paragraphs are intended to outline in some manner the relations which exist between Philosophy and the **other so-called sciences**, both human and divine. But before such a subject can be justly entered into, it is absolutely requisite that we try to achieve a common standard of judgment; that is, a generally acceptable definition of Philosophy as such.

"Philosophies," as we have them in this ultra-modern era of supposedly advanced thought, can be had "a-dime-a-dozen." Not to mention the legion of ponderous philosophical volumes, advertised to the gullible public as "scholarly," you are liable at any time to discover on any normal newsstand a whole flock of contradictory philosophical nonsense. These last may not style themselves as philosophies a such, but you will at least find them hidden under an ingenious veil of fiction.

By and large, however, these foregoing deceits have little or nothing to do with the Philosophy with which we shall deal in the following pages. In order to eventually gain our point, we must settle on only a **true** definition of Philosophy. Let us spend some time in our search for the definition, so that, when once we have achieved it, it shall remain the longer with us.

We might begin by calling philosophy **human wisdom**, but immediately we realize that such is too wide to be acceptable, since all too quickly our spurious thinkers would hasten to construe "wisdom" as being subjective—something which a discussion of this sort dare not countenance. No, we must not settle for anything short of an iron-clad, incontrovertible, objective definition. . . a philosophy **par excellence**, the first philosophy, or what we call "Metaphysics."

The only sense in which we may accept "wisdom" is in so far as its nature consists, not in a wisdom of practical conduct or practical life, but in **knowing**. And "knowing" too,

we must quickly limit, so as to mean knowing only **with certainty**, and furthermore, knowing **by causes**. Thus we realize that Philosophy is first and foremost, a **science**. But even this is not nearly enough. We have yet to determine the light or medium by which we know; further still, we must determine precisely what are the material and formal objects of Philosophy. When we have achieved this, we shall be ready to proceed.

The medium by which we are enabled to know, we shall call the **natural light of reason**, in order that we may fitly distinguish between Philosophy and Theology, which we shall speak of later as one of the other sciences. The object of Philosophy which is apprehended by the so-called **lumen sub quo**, is briefly everything—thus leading us to conclude that Philosophy is universal. But it is universal only under a certain aspect. We have said that Philosophy knows **by causes**, but it is not so haphazard as to leave in confusion the necessary distinction between primary and secondary causes. Rather, it takes pains to draw a clear dividing line between its own object, i.e., **first causes**, and secondary causes, which characterize the other human sciences.

We conclude, therefore, Philosophy is the science which by the natural light of reason studies the first causes or highest principles of all things; or, similarly, it is the science of things in their first causes, in so far as these belong to the natural order.

From this we can readily see that Philosophy is certainly the most sublime of the purely human sciences. Due perhaps to its very sublimity, and the consequent difficulty of apprehension, is this absolute multiplicity of "Philosophies," previously referred to. By way of exemplifying the great divergence of opinion in this one matter of a sure definition of Philosophy, Jacques Maritain, chooses Descartes and Auguste Comte as examples. These two philosophers are, it would seem, almost diametrically opposed on nearly every fundamental issue of Philosophy. Whereas Descartes would have us believe that Philosophy absorbs the other sciences; is, in fact, the whole of science, Comte maintains that the other sciences absorb Philosophy, thereby over-ruling Philosophy altogether. But now we, having by this time digested the definition which follows

strictly the systems of Aristotle and St. Thomas, should have no trouble in bringing to the fore the correct criticism of these men—they have hopelessly confused the indispensable distinction between the formal object of Philosophy and of the other sciences.

Having now at last settled the problem of a workable and acceptable definition for Philosophy, we are free to proceed with a quasi-outline of the relationship which exists between Philosophy itself and the whole body of other sciences. Our first contact shall be with the other **human** sciences, or so-called "special sciences."

It should be apparent to all that each of the various sciences, in so far as it holds within itself the means wherewith to attain to a given truth by means of a positive demonstration, is supreme in its own field, but realization should in no wise restrain us from noticing quickly that between this science and that science, between this group of sciences and that group of sciences, between this group and that particular science, there can and in fact does exist a distinct relationship.

Following this train of thought we see that while a certain science may fall short of truth, and consequently embrace some form of error in a particular conclusion, it retains the inalienable right to seek out its own error (that is, judge itself), it should be equally evident that, should there exist another science which by its very nature is superior to the first, that superior science likewise has a perfect right, yes, and even a duty, to examine the premises of the first science in order to ferret out the falsehood, or, in other words, the right and duty to constitute itself as judge of the first. (It must be carefully noted that what is here said of the science is rather more certainly true of the "scientists.")

But we have already adverted to the fact that in the mere matter of formal causes, Philosophy (that is, Metaphysics) is superior to all the other purely human sciences, in so far as it searches out the **first** causes of all things, whereas the others deal only with the subordinate **secondary** causes. Therefore, we should be able to grasp readily the reality that Philosophy possesses within itself, in its very nature, the right and duty to judge and correct any inferior science. We understand, of

course, that this is true only when the special science contradicts one of Philosophy's own conclusions.

It should not require much diligent searching to discover examples of this. Let us suppose, for instance, that a biologist, after thoroughly examining the human body in all its parts, should make the statement that man does not have a soul (of course, basing such a conclusion on the fact that he was unable to find any trace of it in the course of his minute scrutiny). We realize without hesitation that such a decree would be a direct contradiction to a conclusion of Philosophy, which has long since proved that man is composed of matter and **soul**, animality and rationality. It is plain, then, that the biologist has here introduced a real contradiction, one which is in immediate conflict with one of Philosophy's conclusions. Here, then, it is for the philosopher, as the representative of the superior science, to step in and examine once more the biologist's premises, and put his finger on the mistake.

Now, whereas the above problem would be relatively easy for the philosopher to solve, there can be, and in fact have been, many cases where the special scientist's error was cunningly hidden beneath many layers of apparent truth—so much so, at times, that the philosopher would wisely be prompted to re-examine first his own premises and conclusion relative to the question, before he would venture to criticize, correct, and judge the special science.

It is also true that a conflict might develop from the other direction; that is, one of Philosophy's conclusions might appear to contradict some truth already established by the biologist. Whereas in the previous problem, the philosopher had the right to judge both biology and philosophy, here the biologist has not the right to examine philosophy's premises, but only the philosopher still.

We may go one step further in our notation of the relationship between Philosophy and the body of the special sciences. In line with the formal causes already distinguished, we can say that the laws or principles of Philosophy are the very first principles of all human knowledge, and those of the special sciences, only secondary or dependent principles, thus justly

giving rise to the conclusion that Philosophy has the right to **govern** the other human sciences. True, the principles of the special sciences depend only indirectly on those of Philosophy, since they have themselves, independently, the power to convince, and can be known without an out-and-out knowledge of metaphysics, but in as much as they would not be true if metaphysics were false, we see that they stand at least in an indirect subordination to metaphysics or Philosophy.

Philosophy's governing activities consists for the most part in setting down the particular purpose for each special science, or, in other words, declaring the object of each, and subsequently, by an examination of these objects, defining the relationship which exists between each of the special sciences.

There are numberless other conclusions which we might draw from the facts thus far considered, but since this work is intended to be anything but exhaustive, the remaining conclusions might well be left to the individual. But a short summary is perhaps in order: "Philosophy . . . because it is wisdom and the supreme science, judges, governs, and defends the other sciences." The supreme part of an automobile is the motor—all other parts are dependent upon it for movement. In a sense, then, we would say that it governs the other parts. But conversely, the motor is dependent upon the other parts as servants or instruments; i.e., despite the excellence of the motor, without wheels the automobile would not budge a single inch. And so by a parallelism, we shall see that Philosophy, while pre-eminently **free**, depends upon the inferior sciences as upon servants or instruments employed to attain a goal.

* * *

Thus far we have dealt only with that relationship existing between Philosophy and the other purely human sciences. But there is yet another science, a **divine** science which needs must be considered in order that we be enabled to evaluate fairly the position of Philosophy. This divine science is Theology.

We must take care to point out the distinction of Theology from **theodicy**, which is still a part of human science—in fact, is the supreme category of the supreme human science, metaphysics. By definition, theodicy is regarded as that science or

knowledge of God, naturally attainable, by the unassisted powers of human reason, whereas Theology, by the addition of the note of divinity, or infinity, is the science or knowledge of God, naturally **unattainable**, by the unassisted powers of reason. This science requires a revealing God, plus a reason enlightened by faith.

By definition, then, Theology is superior to **all** the purely human sciences, including Philosophy: thus, by the sublimity of its object, which is God in his own divine life (**sub ratione Deitatis**); by the certainty of its premises, since, by the addition of the note of divinity, we have excluded even the possibility of error; and finally by the excellence of its light, the light of Theology being that of **virtual revelation**. And by this we mean revelation which contains implicitly or virtually any or all conclusions which reason might see fit to draw from it.

These reasons being more than sufficient to show the superiority of Theology over Philosophy, we may rightly conclude Theology judges, governs, and corrects Philosophy in a manner very similar to the position of Philosophy over the other merely human sciences, the only differences being that, while the other human sciences are at least indirectly subordinate to Philosophy in the matter of principles or premises, the premises of Philosophy are really independent of the premises of Theology, since they are in two entirely different orders; also, whereas Philosophy exercised a **positive** government over the special sciences, Theology governs Philosophy only **negatively**.

Similarly we say that Philosophy depended upon the special science as upon servants or instruments for the attainment of truth. Theology on the contrary is wholly and entirely independent.

It should not be necessary for us to delve further into the niceties of this relationship between Philosophy and Theology. The main thing for us is to realize that there really and truly is such a relationship, a knowledge of which will aid us in a true evaluation of the position of Philosophy in our life.

* * *

We began a discussion of Philosophy's relation to the other sciences, both human and divine. Yet, it is necessary to

include here some consideration, however slight, of another source of knowledge which could be termed a science only by a vast stretch of the imagination. I speak of **common sense**, and its relation to Philosophy. Common sense, as here considered, will be understood to mean that imperfect, unscientific knowledge of everyday life, in which is implied some genuine certainties recognized as primary data of the senses, self-evident axioms, or proximate conclusions deduced from them. Or, more clearly, common sense, meaning the natural and primitive judgment of human reason, infallible, but imperfect in its mode, and the immediate apprehension of self-evident first principles.

Understood as such, common sense may be called the actual source of the whole of Philosophy, since the premises of Philosophy are nothing else but the primary certainties immediately apprehended. Of course, Philosophy does not simply blindly acquiesce in the premises forwarded by common sense, but accepts them only on the authority of the evidence behind them.

Likewise, considering Philosophy and common sense individually, we see that Philosophy is superior to common sense—if in nothing else, then at least in its mode of knowledge, since Philosophy reasons from first causes to certainty, but common sense is incapable of giving a satisfactory account or explanation of its nevertheless certain knowledge. Philosophy is able to make clear by its much more perfect mode the meaning and reason for these certainties, and to proffer rational proof for them.

Briefly, then, Philosophy is the justification of common sense, as well as its controlling force. It may happen, however, that common sense may **accidentally** judge Philosophy, if a philosopher should inadvertently deny a truth to which common sense attaches natural certainty. Such an accidental judgment has more than once been called for in the course of the centuries.

These few notes on common sense should be sufficient to show that while common sense is certainly of an inferior nature to Philosophy, it is at the same time practically indispensable.

All this is but a sketchy outline of what should be a most vital topic among scholars in this topsy-turvy modern world,

which does not hesitate to introduce almost at will a new, fictitious philosophy to justify every type of social injustice or evil, and in which men are tempted to make this or that **special** science their so-called god, by their failure to realize or recognize the true relation between Philosophy and the special sciences, or by their refusal to acknowledge the existence of Philosophy at all.



Most Honourable Henry Green, Knight of the Russian Order
of Saint Nicholas of the First Class, First Lord of the
Powder Closet, Colonel of the Regent's Own Regiment of
Militia, Trustee of the British Museum, Elder Brother of
the Trinity House, Governor of the White Friars, D.C.L.

7 Oxford Road
Longsight, Manchester

Dear Hank:

Enclosed find £2 per wager on outcome of Steeplechase.

Yours,

Red

Extracts from History

Frank N. Crawford

Dear Mummy and Daddy:

I had a nice ride on the train the man dressed like a cop was nice to me grandpa met me at the station grandma is filling the holes in grandpas soxes i help grandpa feed the cows and horses and pigs i went swimming in the crick yesterday can you send me a dime please so i can get candy when we go to the store

I love you a lot

Ronald Wellman Griswold

* * *

Dear Mom & Dad:

I passed the life saving test yesterday and old "Flat-bottom," the guy in charge of the camp, said I can be an Eagle Scout in a year.

How about sending me a couple bucks so I can get some new tennis shoes.

Love,

Ronny

* * *

Dear Mom & Dad:

Those janes staying at the next cottage aren't so hot. We took them to the dance last night and had a lousy time. I guess they think they're sophisticated cause they've been to college. They gave us a bad time because we just got out of high school. We're on the prowl now for some younger stuff.

Please send a ten spotter so we can get some parts for the boat.

Love,

Slim

Dear Mater and Pater:

Sorry I wasn't able to write for the last couple of months but I had a book review to do and didn't have time.

Wire me fifty bucks because the bids for the Prom have to be paid for in advance. The half century should cover all the expenses.

Love and Kisses,

R. Wellman

* * *

Dear Mother and Father:

The check you gave us will cover all the honeymoon expenses. You're gems!

We're taking loads of pictures and will tell you all about the trip when we get back.

Oceans of Love,

Ronny and Betty

P.S. I think I forgot to pay the organist and florist. Will you take care of them, Dad? Thanks. R.W.G.

* * *

Hi Folks!

You know that old woman we engaged to take care of the kids? Well, the first night she was taking a nap on the sofa and Peggy and June took her wig and filled it with molasses. Before she woke up Carl gave her a hotfoot.

She quit that night, which we feel was very selfish of her in view of the fact that Mary and Bob still have poison ivy.

Since we had already made all our plans, we're bringing the kids up to stay with you while we go to New York for a couple of weeks. I know you wouldn't want us to break our plans.

See ya soon,

Ron

P.S. Maybe we'd better go into a huddle when Betty and I get back from the big city, Dad. I'd like to talk to you about the mortgage on our house.

The Wooden Christ ^{A One-Act Play}

Earl Greenburg

CAST

Father Paul.....Pastor of St. Bridget's parish in the city
Daniel.....Janitor and general handy-man to Father Paul
McLeen.....Union leader of the local steel works
Philip.....McLeen's butler
Gallagher.....A local steel worker

TIME: A few days before Christmas

SCENE: The rectory of St. Bridget's parish. The room is very simple and the furnishings are very poor. DL is a desk and a large crucifix. UC a door leading to the rest of the rectory. DR a door leading to the street. DC a table and a chair. There may be a kneeling-desk in front of the crucifix.

As the curtain rises Daniel is busy putting the finishing touches to some poor Christmas decorations whose arrangement bepeaks a masculine influence. Outside in a distance can be heard the low voices of an angry crowd. Suddenly the door bursts open and Father Paul enters hurriedly.

Daniel Father. . .

Fr. Paul (shutting the door quickly and leaning upon it, warns Daniel). Shh. . .

Daniel Father Paul! (somewhat alarmed).

Fr. Paul Yes, who did you think it was?

Daniel I thought it might be McLeen. He. . .

Fr. Paul McLeen? That atheist? Here? Daniel, I've heard of miracles in modern times, but as for his coming here! No such luck! Why, he's the leader of those strikers out there (points to the street). But wait, Daniel—I think I've been followed (peers into street from behind curtain).

Daniel What do you mean, Father; things are beginning to frighten me.

- Fr. Paul Frighten you? What on earth for? You have no cause for worry. You haven't been hearing things, have you?
- Daniel Not a thing, Father. But I do have a sorta queer feeling.
- Fr. Paul (Slowly walking away from the window). I guess they decided to let me go this time. That was really a narrow escape.
- Daniel (Alarmed). Father, what happened? What do you mean. You got to the soldier in time, didn't you?
- Fr. Paul Yes, I got to him in time. I gave him the last sacraments, and helped him meet his judge. But I almost met my judge on that same errand.
- Daniel You mean the strikers attacked you?
- Fr. Paul Not the way you mean it—it was worse than that. You see, the other soldiers had dragged their wounded comrade into the alley where I found him. I had just finished helping him make a good act of contrition when McLeen came into the farther end of the alley.
- Daniel Saints be praised! What did you do, Father. You didn't run, did you?
- Fr. Paul No, Daniel, I couldn't. My legs wouldn't let me. I seemed to be frozen to the spot. Almost as soon as McLeen came into the alley he spied me and shouted to the strikers, "There is your priest! There is your friend by the side of the soldier who shot O'Malley. The champion of the poor has turned to the army so we won't lose anything if we get locked out". Oh, Daniel, that was terrible, but what followed hurt me still more. As soon as he had spoken, the end of the alley was crowded with the strikers, my own parishioners. Oh, Daniel, that tore at my very heart. (He turns toward the crucifix and wanders in that direction.)
- Daniel What happened then, Father? They didn't come after you, did they?

Fr. Paul No, they did something worse. They just stood there in their tattered clothes and stared. Their cold, hungry eyes seemed to scream they have been done an injustice, and worst of all, by me, their pastor and friend, one whom they had trusted. (Turning toward the crucifix). Oh, God, how can men be so blind and cold to the truth? Oh God, for aid! (He pauses, as if in deep thought, and suddenly turns to Daniel as if suddenly suspecting something.) Daniel, you didn't hear anything about me, did you? Any plots against me?

Daniel Oh, no, Father I guess I've been sorta on edge after all that's happened today. Why should you even think such a thing? They haven't tried anything more, have they? McLeen didn't pull anything while you were coming home, did he?

Fr. Paul No, no, he didn't try anything yet. I was just wondering whether you heard anything about any plots. In these times people are liable to do anything when they get stirred up. I guess I'm still on edge, too, from this morning's meeting with McLeen.

Daniel That McLeen is going to be the death of you yet, Father. Did anyone take your part when McLeen made those cracks about you?

Fr. Paul Take my part! They cheered him on. Imagine, Daniel, me, the pastor of St. Bridget's, a traitor, a wolf to my sheep! How can they believe such things?

Daniel Oh, that McLeen! (vehemently). Where is he? (starts toward the door but is stopped by Father Paul).

Fr. Paul No, no, Daniel. That wouldn't do any good. Besides, I'd rather you stayed here for a while. I'm really afraid. Everything is so quiet and strange. It's an unearthly quiet, that's what gets me. Why doesn't something happen?

Daniel Here, Father, take this (Daniel hands Father Paul his breviary). See how the saints and martyrs did it in their day. Oh, don't get me wrong, Father. I

- don't think they would dare go that far; but after all, you are being persecuted. Here sit down while I go and make some black coffee. That will fix you up. I'll be right back. (Starts to exit).
- Fr. Paul (Coming out of his daze). I'm sorry I let myself get so upset. Daniel.
- Daniel Forget it, Father. Glory be, I'm a mite scared myself. (Exit).
(Father Paul goes and sits down. Suddenly Gallagher bursts in.)
- Gallagher Father Paul, you've got to get out of here. They're after you. They'll kill you, sure. They. . .
- Fr. Paul Hold fire, Pat. What is all this? Who are "they"? What makes you think anyone is after me? If you're talking about the strikers, they haven't harmed me so far, have they?
- Gallagher No, they haven't—yet. But if you think they won't come for you, you don't know McLeen. He's desperate, and after this morning, he's got the steel workers on his side wholeheartedly. Father, McLeen will stop for no one who is in his way, and you've gotten in his way. Just as sure as St. Pat's in heaven, the boys are up to something. Come with Denis and me. We've got a car all ready to go. You can meet us in ten minutes at O'Hara's garage. You can get. . .
- Fr. Paul Stop, Pat. Let's get this thing straight. What makes you so sure there's anything afoot against me? You **think** there might be, but for anything to go on, you can't produce the slightest proof. (With fatherly reasoning). Can't you see, Pat, that if I run out on my job and my people just because of some unfounded suspicions, I'd be laying myself wide open to McLeen and all that he stands for? You wouldn't want that to happen, would you? (Pat nods negatively). So, Pat, I have to say "No." I can't go. . .
- Gallagher But, Father. . .
- Fr. Paul (With parental firmness). No, Pat, I can't leave my people here because there is some very remote pos-

sibility that someone is going to try to get me. My people need me here and it is my duty to stay and be with them even at the risk of my own life.

Gallagher Ah, people be d... excuse me, Father, but can't you see what you're in for, if you don't go into hiding for a while now? Come on, Father, you can beat it while things are hot around here, and when they cool off you can come back and be pastor just like always. After all, what good is a dead pastor? Suffering Shamrocks, you won't be helping your people by letting them kill you. Father. . . (the street door is thrown open and Philip rushes in.)

Philip Father Paul, I must talk with you at once. (Looking over at Gallagher) Alone!

Gallagher So McLeen's butler comes crawling to the pastor of St. Bridget's on his big fat. . .

Philip Please, Gallagher, I can make things rather unpleasant for you, you know. Remember O'Keefe got smart with me last year at the union party (threatingly), and how much has he worked since then. He's been living of relief ever since!

Gallagher Ah, go on and try you big. . .

Fr. Paul Here, Pat! You'd better be going along now. I'll think over what you said; but don't worry. I don't think I'll. . .

Gallagher We'll be waiting for you just the same, Father. (Gives Philip a hard look and goes out).

Fr. Paul Now, Philip, what can I do for you?

Philip First of all, Father, you must answer me a question. (Father nods assent) Is it true that whatever you hear in the confessional or in the spirit of confession, you can never reveal?

Fr. Paul That's right, Philip. In no way can I reveal what I hear in the sacrament of Penance. I cannot even make the smallest motion to let it be known that I have knowledge from the confessional.

- Philip Father, I'd like to go to confession.
- Fr. Paul Surely, right this way. (They start to the door leading to the rest of the house when it opens and Daniel enters with a tray equipped with coffee-pot and cup.) Oh, thanks, Daniel. Just put it down on the table there. I'll drink it when I get back from the church. (They exit).
- Daniel I wonder what McLeen's butler wants with Father Paul. I'll bet a basket full of shamrocks that he's up to no good. Oh, well, it's none of my business, but (resentfully) I still don't like that scoundrel. (Daniel puts the tray down on the table and goes about the room arranging a few things. To himself meditatively) No sir, people like him just ain't no good, no matter how you look at it. They might try to be good, but I guess it's just in their blood to be bad. They're always getting other people into a lot of trouble. The world would be a nice place without the likes of him in it. Oh well. (Shrugs his shoulders and exits.)
(The door again opens and Father Paul re-enters with Philip.)
- Philip Thanks a lot, Father. It has really been a long time since I've been to confession.
- Fr. Paul Well, you've made your peace with God now, so your past doesn't make any difference, does it?
- Philip Thanks, Father. Good-bye. (Father has opened the door for him and he exits.)
- Fr. Paul (Closing the door and leaning against it, exhausted as he did in the beginning of the play.) So there *is* a plot afoot against me! A plot to kill me! Oh, why didn't I listen to Gallagher before I heard that confession. (Walks toward table) I should have known, or at least guessed that McLeen would be up to something but I didn't think he would go this far. Oh, why didn't I get out while I was still able, instead of waiting and. . . (The street door is again thrown open and McLeen enters.)

- Fr. Paul (Awakening from his daze, and showing transitory fear) McLeen!
- McLeen (Sarcastically) Right! Who did you think it was, John L. Lewis? I knocked, but you didn't answer, so I took advantage of the old saying: "The priest's door is never closed." So here I am.
- Fr. Paul (Trying calmly to hide the knowledge of his own impending murder) What can I do for you, McLeen?
- McLeen I just came over to tell you to stop interfering with the strike.
- Fr. Paul I haven't interfered with it, and. . .
- McLeen You're a liar. You traitor, who was it who ran to that soldier down in Sales Market this morning?
- Fr. Paul You shot him, and he was dying. It is my duty to go to whomever needs me. For that I was ordained, and furthermore. . .
- McLeen Between you and me, I don't give a hang what you were ordained for. Just keep out of this strike, see?
- Fr. Paul It is my duty to help my people. All I can do at the present time is to tell them to be as Christ was. . . patient.
- McLeen Another Christ! (Laughs) That's a good one! (Seriously) But maybe you will be another Christ. Remember what happened to him and what happened to that soldier this morning. Lightning might strike in the same place again, if you aren't a little more careful. (Father Paul is jolted from his former state of forced calmness by this remark.) What's the matter, Padre? (Smugly, seeing Father Paul's discomfiture.) (The phone rings. Father Paul at once regains his composure to a very fine degree and answers the phone.)
- Fr. Paul Sales Market, you say? Badly wounded? No Viaticum? I see. Well, I'll be there as quickly as possible. (Father Paul replaces the receiver, and looks dazedly at McLeen.)
- McLeen What's wrong, Father, trouble again? (Innocently)

Fr. Paul Yes, there's been another shooting over at the Sales Market. I've got to go over there right away. The man is dying.

McLeen (Quickly seeing his plan maturing.) I've got my car out in front of the church. I'll go around and get it and drive you over to the market. That will save you a lot of time.

Fr. Paul (Dazedly again.) Yes, it will, won't it?
(McLeen exits and Father Paul rises as if he has been seized by some great internal anguish.)

The market, the soldier, McLeen. They keep going round and round in my head. Why won't they stop? I can't think. Oh, why did I hear that confession. If I could only be rid of that knowledge. I would be all right then. "Come, he is dying." "Yes, I'll be there as quickly as possible." Yes, come, he is dying, come, Father Paul, to your death. Give your people a chance to ruin their lives and the future of their children. No, I will not go. But that soldier may need me. He might not be in a state ready to meet his Master. If he should die without me, he may go to Hell and his spirit will torment me until my dying day. Oh, what am I to do? Oh God, for some light! (Holding at the foot of the crucifix, he buries his hands. Raising his head. . .) Oh, God, what am I to do? If I go, I shall save the soldier perhaps, but I shall be depriving my people of a pastor and a guide, which they need so badly in these troubled times. If I do not go, do not go, not go, not. . . That's it. I prayed for light and it was here all the time. There was light, but I just didn't perceive it. Gallagher, good old Gallagher. Why didn't I think of it before. My answer was here all the time. They're waiting for me down at the garage. I can slip out the back way and get there safely without McLeen's seeing me. Some one else can help that soldier make an act of perfect contrition and he'll be as well off as if I had gone myself. After all this blows over, I can come back to St. Bridget's and be

pastor as I was before all this came along. That's what I'll do. Now to get a few things together. (Here Father Paul goes to pick up his cape and breviary and then turns to have his eye caught by the crucifix. McLeen honks outside) No, no, I can't, I just can't run away. You gave too much for me to have me throw it all over now by running away. I'll go to that soldier and help him meet his God. I can't do otherwise. How do I know what is going to happen to me. Everything is in His hands. That soldier needs me and I am going to him. I will go with McLeen, though it be the last thing I ever do. (He looks about, as if saying goodbye to his room and then. . . looking toward the crucifix. . .) Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit! (Starts for door.)

(Curtain)





EDITORIALS



A Liberal Education

Frank N. Crawford

"I don't see any sense in studying stuff I'll never use." Such is the average student's response when Liberal Education is mentioned. Not without warrant is such a statement made either, for the modern age of technical schools challenges the college student. Too often pensive foresight wavers and focuses upon lucrative havens. Hence, the student dismisses attendant studies and pursues only those subjects which pave the way to his utilitarian goal.

Granting that current economics dictates specialization in a singular profession or skill, the foundation for such specialization should, nevertheless, be acquired in a liberal education. Without this preparation a student burrows a shaft in his technical field. When his education terminates, he must either remain in the seclusion of the laboratory or department with which he is familiar, or emerge into strange, cosmopolitan terrain. In his haste to establish himself, he has failed to maintain liaison with the other arts and sciences.

Although a restricted, specialized education affords wealth, such wealth is purely mercenary. The rewards of a liberal education, on the other hand, manifold as they are, present two of particular prominence.

First, as man progresses through life, he is endlessly concerned with the external phenomena of nature, and the functions of man. As these phenomena are perceived by the senses and transmitted to the mind, they must be discerned, cataloged, and correlated. When the mind is fed views that cannot be comprehended and digested by the process of clear and logical reasoning, they lead to tainted illusions. Only through familiarity with the numerous sciences, and their relationship to one another, is a person able to investigate and arrive at the truth.

Second, as man migrates from the confines of his profes-

sional sphere, society imposes on him obligations as varied as they are multitudinous. Religious, civic, and fraternal organizations expect the distinguished specialist to have views on every subject. He must be able to evaluate the propositions of others, advance sound opinions of his own, and faithfully execute the charges his associates have entrusted to him. Such intellectual versatility finds a valence only in liberal education.

To those who demand utility from education, Cardinal Newman in **The Idea of a University** emphasizes the individual's role in society. "If. . .a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. . .A University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life."

Those who anticipate success and contentment in their future professions cannot afford to bypass the most influential tributary: liberal education.



A Tribute

Richard Mickley

November twenty-third marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of a prominent figure among educators. Dr. Samuel S. Curry gained prominence in the field of education by spending his whole life advocating a higher place for speech training in educational institutions.

The paradox which surrounds the choice of his life-work is rather amusing, though somewhat ironical. While taking post graduate course at Boston University, towards a Doctorate in Philosophy, he lost his voice. During the time he was taking treatments to recover it, he took elocution lessons from some fifty of the world's best known authorities in the field. Once having completed the necessary requirements for his degree in Philosophy, he instituted the famous School of Expression at Boston University.

Dr. Curry was almost fanatically devoted to the ideals of his art. His firm conviction of the necessity of voice culture in the development of character and personality led him ever onward for more than forty years. He made an extensive study of the whole field of Expression. His careful investigation of every kind of speech defect has made possible the cure of numberless stutterers, stammerers, and other victims of faulty speech.

It is largely through the studies and efforts of Dr. Curry that speech training has already gained a prominent place in American educational system. Up to the time of his death in 1921 Dr. Curry's pen was busy, politically and eminently enhancing the literature of his art.

His distinct contribution to modern education merits for him the recognition of the centennial of his birth.

BOOK REVIEWS

Thomas Edward Shields. *By Mrs. Justine Ward. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1947. 284 Pages.*

This is the amazing story of Thomas Edward Shields, a man who in his youth was capable of learning. Mrs. Justine Ward, musician and educator, tells the story of this one-time dullard, a victim of misunderstanding and outmoded educational methods. She unfolds the fast-moving incidents of Father Tom's life, not as a dry-dust biographer, but as one of his co-workers and confidantes. She gives an absorbing account of Tom Shields and his early years of scholastic failures. With genuine solicitude, she paints a vivid picture of Tom's inner struggles to overcome his intellectual dullness, his stoppage of speech, his inferiority complex. Under her careful but warm pen, we see Tom Shields regain self-confidence and intellectual keenness through his sensory-motor experiences; we see how labor on the farm leads him to uncanny feats of interior visualization, how his blind trust in God and aid from his confessor keep the stumbling youth from despair and bitterness and regain for him the respect of his family and friends.

Mrs. Ward throws open Tom's mind: we see him ascend from dullard to priest to genius to educator. Father Tom's feminine biographer has written a story rich in authenticity and understanding, and little wonder, for she and this celebrated educator were the closest friends for many years.

Her account of Doctor Shields' work at the Catholic University is both heartwarming and humorous. His self-sacrificing work in behalf of the teaching Sisterhoods is brought into sharp focus. She does not save herself in revealing Shields' dynamic personality and his analogical and sensory approach to education. The biography is edifying and is not burdened by hesitating formalities. It is direct, warm, absorbing. She loses herself in her subject and makes Father Tom Shields live again—the misguided, victimized, and one-time dolt who became the Catholic teachers' guiding teacher and students' inspiration.

Wm. Buchman

No Lasting Home. *By Joseph Dever. Bruce Publishing Company. Milwaukee.*

No Lasting Home presents a heart warming picture of the many phases of love. It portrays the love of a child for its parents, of a boy for a girl, of a youth for his younger brother, of a lonesome soul for its Creator.

Edward Creedin lost his mother at the birth of his young brother. He avowed, in memory of her, to protect Gerry and guide the little one's steps. Throughout their childhood and early youth Ed and Gerry play, work, and plan together. The former's life is destined as one of labor and self-sacrifice for the sake of the other, a cultured, talented stripling.

The story is one of unheralded denial. It is the kind which takes place many times a day, in many places. One would hesitate to place a supernatural motive upon this human love. But it is, without doubt, the tenderness of the Crucified which buoys the sometimes faltering pace of the laboring brother.

The tenor of true Catholicism makes the novel impressive and attractive. It is not the mystical faith of the great saint but the waning and growing faith of the average American. Lust of the flesh plays a role of importance, of the same importance it holds in our own lives. But through the kind medium of a Jesuit priest and the practical application of the writing of Thomas a'Kempis the seed of God is sown and eventually ripens to full maturity. "But always there had been **something** that had restrained him (Ed) from going off the deep end toward marriage or toward just plain licentious living." And the reader realizes what that something is. Although the Truths of Christ are not broadcasted over the pages, they are there, subtly secluded in the lives of the priest, the tender girl, and the "simple, patient breadwinner."

The author brings back nostalgic flavors from the memories of the reader's own early life. The book abounds in "verisimilitude", true likeness to everyday living. There is nothing colossal or even heroic about this novel. It is, on the other hand, an entertaining Catholic work. Were this Catholic strain omitted, the book would fall into the category of that

tripe which flows yearly from the publishing houses. Since it does possess this Catholic thread, it is more true to life, more appealing.

Mr. Dever capitalizes on converting apparent trivialities into emotional climaxes. This is achieved by surrounding the common affairs with climactic situations. Another height of interest is attained by the embodiment of practical labor problems. At one place only does the narrative slacken in force and appeal because too much time is devoted to labor relations. With this one exception, the modern industrial background is well subordinated.

Today more than ever before there is an appalling need for Catholic novels. **No Lasting Home** can well serve as a prototype of what modern Catholic readers desire. It is a warm, attractive, realistic story based upon sound, practical, and efficient theological truth. There is a treasury of Catholic truths hidden beneath the coy words on the printed page. To him who wishes to ascertain how much a modern American Catholic needs his Faith, this novel can be invaluable.

R. Hunt

**Land Of Promise. By Walter Havinghurst.
The MacMillan Company, New York, 1946.**

"The Promised Land always lies on the other side of a wilderness."—A volume of truth, two volumes of thought, and subject matter for a book. Walter Havinghurst saw all this in these few stolid printed words. And after we read his lively narrative history of the Northwest Territory, we also acknowledge the reality of the statement. We ponder and draw our own conclusions. Then we too feel that our view has been so extended as to include new themes suitable for books.

Two hundred years ago the Land Of Promise, embracing the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was a vast, silent, mysterious land stretching far to the west of the thirteen United States. Vaguely indicated on inaccurate maps, it was a spacious territory known only to the

Indians, a few trappers, and missionaries. The wide-open prairies extending mile after mile, superceded by hills of wilderness and pierced by rivers and creeks, made an impressive view. And this land held the deep mystery of ages—a vanished race that left only religious edifices as signs of their thriving civilization. What happened to the Mound-builders of Ohio and Indiana? And what did this country hold in store for their successors? These and many more were the musings on the lips of the pioneers as they cleared the sacred burial grounds to raise their rough cabins.

Mr. Havinghurst relates the historical facts of the winning of the West from France and the Indians in a way that will hold the attention of the least avaricious reader of wild-west dramas. Many are the legends and folk stories that grew up around such characters as Chief Black Hawk or Tecumseh; La-Salle's "iron-hand" Tonty; Colonel Hamilton, the Hair-buyer of Detroit, and his traitor friend, Lord Blannerhasset; woods-wise George Rogers Clark; rough Simon Girty, the Indian ally; Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe; Mad Anthony Wayne; and a host of other enactors of heroic or traitorous deeds, well known in the fight to gain this glorious and promising hunting ground for their own.

And then the age of development—the liveliest and most dramatic of all. It is a plot of indomitable hope and optimism in spite of hardship and setback. Our forefathers, although many were dejected cast-offs of the stuffy Old-World economic system, were imbued with new vigor and great plans when the opportunity of the "West" opened before them. Ages of progress were not measured in centuries, but decades: the age of the Pack-horse in the days of Johnny Appleseed, the age of the Connestoga Wagon, of the River Flatboat, of the Stage Coach, of the Canal, and then the mighty Iron Horse, the Railroad. The Railroad Age was the longest, holding its important station for over a century. But the automobile and the airplane have taken much of its prestige in recent years. And with all these improvements came more and more people to populate the Land Of Promise.

Here is a book well worth reading for the historical knowledge it offers of the expansion of a new world, for the realiza-

tion it gives of the elementary principles that built this mighty nation of freedom-loving Yankees, and for the reading pleasure derived from the flowing, animated style of Walter Havinghurst.

F. Lang

**Boston Cradle Of Liberty. *By John Jennings.*
Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York,
*1947.***

Beginning with that memorable day of June 12, 1630, when the founders of Boston first set foot on American soil, John Jennings very ably records the growth and development of early America up to the turning point of the Revolution, when the British general, Howe, threatened with annihilation under the guns of Washington, withdrew from Boston and practically assured the colonists their independence.

Though good history should be entirely objective, it is difficult for any loyal American to record the early history of his nation without submitting to the many inherent little biases which make up the spirit of nationalism. Jennings is no exception. On the whole his book is accurate, interesting, and enlightening. But like so many writers of history, he has bleached the black names of some of America's earliest and most infamous scoundrels; he has so colored some of the mean, nefarious deeds of our forefathers that they appear commendable and noble. For example, when speaking of Sam Adams, the rabble rousing demagogue of Colonial days, Jennings writes, "Adams became a prophet with honor in his own country." And again, in a vain attempt to exonerate the Colonial villains, the author says, "Adams may have stooped to demagoguery in the furtherance of his deals. In the eyes of the law Hancock may have been a smuggler. But that is neither here nor there. The point that remains . . . is the fact that . . . the results which they achieved have well justified any means they may

have used. Without such men as Adams and Hancock, there might well have been no United States today."

Regardless of the "results which they achieved", such acts cannot be condoned, especially among our national leaders.

The first part of the book, though not lacking in interest, is not quite so vibrant as the last in which the author is at his story-telling best. The battle of Bunker Hill and the expulsion of Howe from Boston are told with verve. Each page is packed with drama and vivid descriptions.

The unique feature of the book is the many little known facts of America's early history which the author brings to light. They represent a thorough and arduous labor on the part of Mr. Jennings, who must surely have "turned over half of several libraries" in making his book.

To the reader who has only a school-room knowledge of Colonial America, **Boston, Cradle of Liberty**, will help greatly in his understanding of the character and habits of the early Americans who, though outnumbered, ill-trained, disorganized, and sadly wanting in supplies, were able to defeat a skillful, well-trained army of the king's best soldiers and thereby win for themselves and posterity the right to govern themselves.

C. Caston

Masterworks Of Science. By John W. Knelder, Jr. ed., Doubleday and Co., Inc., New York, 1947.

The wonders of the physical world have always been a source of awe to man. Since the dawn of creation he has tried to explain these phenomena which are an essential part of his existence. Certain of these explanations which have been able to stand the test of time have become the foundation of science. The books in which they appear are then justly considered "classics."

John Warren Knelder, Jr., has condensed thirteen such important works in **Masterworks of Science**. This list of thirteen

by no means includes all the scientific classics; in fact, many key works do not appear. However, the thirteen do contain those works which have had the greatest effect on scientific advancement. Arranged in order of appearance, Knelder lists the works of Euclid, Archimedes, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Dalton, Lyell, Darwin, Faraday, Mendel, Mendelyev, Curie and Einstein.

The editor has prefaced each digest with a short biography of the author and a discussion of the effect of his works on the thinking of man.

The highly technical language used by the thirteen great scientists makes the reading of **Masterworks of Science** a tedious undertaking. It certainly cannot be recommended to anyone but physical science students. However, because the book does give the reader a broad view and an historical prospective of science, and since many of these classics are quite inaccessible to the public, it makes a valuable addition to any public or college library.

E. Taphorn